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Is It Worth It?

EDWARD T. CHASE

One Voter, One Vote

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

Changing Roles in the Church

JOHN COGLEY

The Second Sex, Etc., Etc.

WILFRID SHEED

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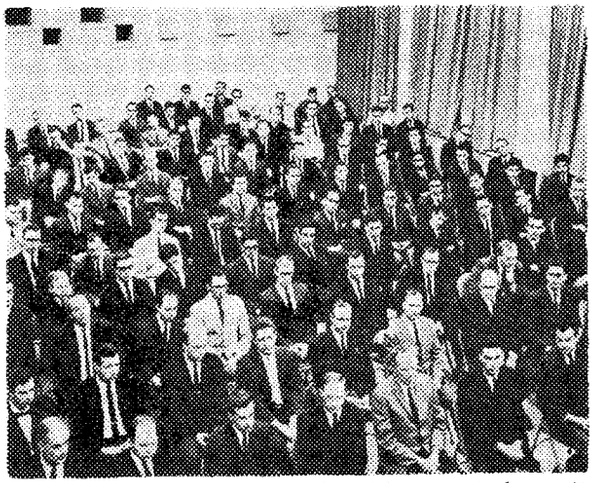

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Must the Council End?

ON A NUMBER of occasions, Pope Paul VI has expressed a desire that the third session of the Council, scheduled to open in September, should be the last. And from the scattered reports coming out of Rome, it appears that the various commissions are taking frantic steps to make the Pope's desire a reality. If these efforts are successful, the Second Vatican Council will turn out to be a triumph of organization and efficiency.

But is that the kind of triumph the Church needs at this moment in history? One of the complaints about the first two sessions was that they were confusing, disorganized and inordinately slow. These were complaints which we, at first, seconded. Yet in retrospect, we would modify these criticisms. For as the world knows, many of the delays and long debates stemmed from the efforts of the progressive majority to forestall minority efforts to push through schemata which contradicted Pope John's purposes in calling the Council. These efforts took time, but it was time well spent. Otherwise many decrees could have been promulgated which would have left the Church just where it was before the Johannine era.

It is understandable that Pope Paul would now like to see the Council close. Undoubtedly many of the Council Fathers, especially those from the underdeveloped nations, have found attendance at the sessions expensive and difficult. Even those bishops from more prosperous areas have sometimes found it difficult to balance the time-consuming demands of the Council and their responsibilities at home. The recollection that the Council of Trent ran on sporadically from 1545 to 1563 provides an historical reason for avoiding interminable debate.

These are important considerations. But they do not seem to us strong enough to justify the taking of extreme measures to end Vatican II in great haste. If nothing else, we don't see how it is possible to legislate a rigid schedule without harming the spirit and purpose of the Council. The Fathers, for instance, should not be forced to vote until they feel the state of the debate warrants a final decision. Yet how can such pressure be avoided if a tight time-schedule is laid down? Perhaps by some miracle the various commissions will come up with drafts immediately acceptable to the majority. Yet what is to happen if they do not? Will the Fathers be forced to vote anyway?

BEYOND THOSE procedural problems (which, it is possible, someone has the answer to), there is the broader question of the value of a prolonged discussion. If the first two sessions are any indication, the debates have been as fruitful for the Church as the specific legislative results. They have educated the bishops, the clergy and the laity. They have opened up avenues of exploration barely thought of when the Council started. They have forced the Church to re-think its mission and role in the contemporary world. Above all, they have changed the thinking of many Catholics, with the end nowhere in sight.

The essential point is that the Church is now examining, at the very least, four hundred years of teaching and tradition. Even so, this examination has barely got underway. For all the fine progress which has been made in the areas of the liturgy, religious liberty and ecumenism, one can find many more where clarity and progress have been scant. There has been, for instance, far too little discussion about the nature of the priesthood, about the theology of the laity, about collegiality, about seminary education, about the religious orders, about overpopulation, and about the Church in the modern world. Yet all of these subjects are crucial, one hardly more than the other. The inadequacy of the Communications decree ought to serve as a warning about what happens when a vote is taken without adequate preparation.

To expect that the Council Fathers can do justice to the still-unresolved dilemmas in the Church by

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November bespeaks, we think, a heady, but unrealistic, optimism. The foreclosing of debate and study for the sake of an artificial deadline would be a great loss to the Church. While it might be possible for the discussions to continue in a less public fashion, it could just as well turn out that the closing of the Council would signal their cessation. This would be particularly likely should the Council issue decrees which gave the appearance that everything had been worked out for some years to come.

To say all of these things is not, of course, to suggest that the Council should have no foreseeable terminal date. Instead, it is to ask: Why must it end this fall? No one has yet suggested any critical reason, and none occurs to us.

New Hampshire

THE OTHER primaries may tell a different story, but New Hampshire has told us quite a bit—more, perhaps, than any primary in recent years. Now, for instance, talk about the "third force" strategy of Lodge, Nixon and Scranton seems suddenly quaint. Where are the other two forces? Scuttled by their own hand, it appears: Rockefeller by divorcing and remarrying, Goldwater by the strategic lapse of telling the voters what he really stands for.

Goldwater's campaign demonstrated what the liberal and academic communities have so long maintained: that he was in over his head, had only the vaguest grasp of certain key national issues, and that exposure to Goldwater ideas would cure the fascination with his attractive personality. It has become clearer that Goldwater is less a self-propelled candidate than a phenomenon of the disaffected right, the private in the conservative army who found himself alone on the field when all the officers —Taft, McCarthy, Jenner, Bricker and Knowland— were swept away by death, defeat or retirement. Goldwater has been a reluctant general; in fact there has lately been some quiet conservative discussion about whether the Senator was ever officer material at all.

But even losing armies need leaders, and Goldwater can sound a retreat as well as the next man. This particular retreat seems to eliminate Goldwater, and discredit the most cherished right-wing illusion: that a vast conservative tide will pour forth whenever voters are given a clear choice between conservative and liberal. Once again, the choice was clear, and in a fairly conservative state, the troops were routed. But the right-wing illusion, we suspect, will not die.

Rockefeller, we think, was an even bigger loser than Goldwater. In a neighboring state, after a carefully planned and heavily financed campaign of a year or more, he failed to overcome his marital disability, or even to capitalize on the disaffection with Goldwater. The number of votes by which he lost was not as crippling as the fact that the winner wasn't on the ballot, did not appear in the state and hasn't even uttered a political statement within recent memory.

Whether Lodge's victory was an accidental by-product of the repudiation of Goldwater and Rockefeller is a debatable question. But certainly he must be taken seriously. He is personally attractive, a moderate, and can make a reasonable stab at rounding up Goldwaterites on the basis of his "hard" anti-Communist talks at the United Nations. One question that must be answered is whether he is willing to work hard for the nomination and the party. There is a rough truth in the Goldwater taunt that Lodge was a "two hour a day" vice-presidential candidate in 1960, and among the press he has a wide reputation for being diffident, if not lazy.

Nixon has a somewhat different reputation among the press, capped by his bitter, sophomoric attack on reporters after losing the gubernatorial race in California. But memories are short, and even as a book is being published under the subtitle "The Last Days of Richard Nixon," the man in question is once again being taken seriously. Hopefully, the weaknesses of thought and personality that have become so apparent will keep him from winning the nomination again. But more realistically, his chances now seem at least as good as Lodge's.

The real winner in New Hampshire, however, appears to be Governor Scranton. Unlike Lodge and Nixon he is not handicapped by being a two-time loser. He would be able to project the sophisticated progressive Eastern appeal that appears to be the party's best bet as an alternative to President Johnson. And the fact that he is unknown means little. As the Romney boomlet of a season ago demonstrated, the national press can elevate a man to "Presidential stature" quite effortlessly in a week or two.

U.N. Force to Cyprus

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive of a more explosive situation than the Cyprus crisis of the past three months. Although the island lies only a hundred miles off Turkey, its Greek element outnumbers the Turkish Cypriotes by five to one. The Greek majority asserts that two provisions of the 1960 constitution make it unworkable: the Turkish minority's veto power and the right of the Turkish, Greek and British signatories to intervene. When Orthodox Archbishop Makarios, the Greek majority leader,

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called for constitutional changes, grave disorders began.

It is said that the desire for political union with Greece has subsided, although it could readily be revived. What the Greek Cypriotes most want is unhampered majority rule. The Turkish minority seeks instead to have the island partitioned into Greek and Turkish enclaves. Sporadic fighting and attacks by Greek Cypriotes on enemy outposts have led to threats and plans of armed intervention by an aroused Turkey itself.

As if the violent, post-colonial enmity of the two local peoples directly involved were not enough, the dispute also heavily involves others. Christian Greece and Moslem Turkey, although NATO allies, have long been traditional enemies. Moreover, in modern times Russia under Czars and Soviets has aimed at Constantinople (now Istanbul) and an outlet from the Black Sea. In the Cyprus disorders the USSR has supported Archbishop Makarios so firmly that Turkey is genuinely fearful lest Communist elements among the Greek Cypriotes succeed in making the island another Cuba.

The decision of the U.N. Security Council to send in a peace force of contingents from five neutral nations, and to maintain it on Cyprus for three months, permits the dispute to be discussed more calmly. Even so, the U.N. force is assembling on the island with tensions at the breaking point. If its seven thousand men do succeed in preventing further outbreaks, they will provide gratifying new evidence of the U.N.'s usefulness.

In the past eight years U.N. expeditionary forces and observation teams have compiled a generally enviable record. They brought an end to hostilities over Suez in 1956 and have long patrolled the contested Gaza strip. U.N. observers have been functioning in Laos and Kashmir; they supervised the transfer of sovereignty of Netherlands New Guinea. A U.N. force still carries on in the former Belgian Congo.

The possibility that a brush-fire war can escalate into a major conflict with nuclear weapons underlines the key importance of this form of peace-keeping activity. Much of this is makeshift, scantily financed and based on eleventh-hour, *ad hoc* arrangements. That the organization has been able to accomplish much in the face of such handicaps supplies a convincing argument for building up the United Nations further.

HERE AND THERE

Changing Roles in the Church

Rome

THROUGHOUT the Church people are talking about their roles. One of the major issues at the second session of the Ecumenical Council, to cite the chief example, was the question of collegiality—whether the bishops as a college, with the Pope as their head, have responsibility for the whole Church and not merely the dioceses in their charge. Involved in this issue was the role of the Sovereign Pontiff as well as the role of the bishops. At the same session there were lively discussions of the role of the layman. Still to come are considerations of the role of the priest and the non-clerical religious, including that vast army of women known throughout the Catholic world as The Sisters.

No group feels certain just what its role will be in the post-Conciliar Church. It may seem absurd to say that the Holy Father himself is not clear about his place in the Church of the future, but there is a sense in which it is true. Certainly there are no doubts about the papal primacy either in his mind or in that of the bishops, priests, and Catholic laity; the Pope's is a unique office and, as the Bishop of Rome, he exercises supreme authority and is charged with Petrine responsibility for the Church universal. This supremacy has not been called into question. What has been discussed is a broader scope for the bishops in the day-by-day governance of the Church. Since the Council was convened the bishops, or most of them, seem to have reached a sharper awareness of their corporate responsibility for the good of the whole Church. The theological issue is not finally settled, but the majority sentiment appears to favor what has become known as the principle of collegiality, an aspect of the episcopal office that was left hanging when Vatican I was bought to its abrupt halt a century ago.

If collegiality is formally approved in a Council proclamation, we can expect to see changes in both the papal and the episcopal roles. The bishops will play a stronger part, with perhaps permanent "senatorial" representation at the Vatican and much more give-and-take between them. Inevitably, this will cut down the Italian influence, sharply diminish the power of the present Curia, and in time strengthen the hand of the non-European, non-Western forces.

This could be revolutionary, for though the Church has always been catholic in its essence, it has for centuries been in fact a "Western" institution, as is evidenced by the Catholic stress on Greek philosophy, Roman law, European habits of mind, and characteristically Occidental spirituality. (How much the Church

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made the West and how much the West made the Church is of course another question.)

What the future will be like if a genuinely "catholic" Church should develop, under the impact of collegiality, is anyone's guess. As of now, the non-Western bishops are neither numerically nor influentially a threat to the European dominance. But that situation is not necessarily permanent. Certainly at the second session of the Council some of the "native" bishops from the "mission countries" (both terms already sound hopelessly out-of-date) were touchy about foreign domination. At least one spoke out boldly against what he called religious imperialism by missionary Orders headquartered in Europe. And there were private complaints that too few bishops were chosen from among the native clergy.

The signs, then, suggest that we had better start thinking about cultural pluralism within the Church as well as outside it. Not in our lifetime perhaps, but then who knows—history moves terribly fast these days.

In any case, if collegiality goes through, the body of bishops at the helm will not necessarily all be either native or adopted sons of the West, with even the black and brown fellows Latinized products of the Roman seminaries. Not forever. The Episcopal College may in time turn out to be as varied a gathering of men, with cultural backgrounds as diverse, as the gentlemen who gather at UN headquarters in New York. They will have different ideas about law, philosophy, even spirituality. If such a situation develops, the role of the Pope as Supreme Pontiff may be changed considerably. For the Holy Father will be called upon to deal much more intimately with a wide variety of bishops than has been the case up to now, while the Curia will in effect serve the bishops rather than be served by them. (At a press conference in Rome last fall, Archbishop Roberts, formerly of Bombay, stated that it was frequently almost impossible for a bishop to see the Pope in the days when he ruled the Indian archdiocese.)

With the traditional Curial role cut back—a change the majority progressive party at the Council would heartily welcome—there will be less danger, as Friedrich Heer put it in his recent Commonweal article, of the Pontiffs' being treated as "a fetish surrounded by taboos . . . a protective shield for the intrigues [of those who invoke] the authority of the papacy in their hard struggle for mastery over the Church."

Though, after the Council, the Pope's role may be less ridden with carefully staged awe and Byzantine splendor, it may also be more meaningful. There are signs already that the image is changing. Pope John did much to "humanize" the papacy and eliminate some of the unhealthy taboos that had been allowed to develop. Certainly he suffered no loss of prestige as a result. The present Pope, though less spectacularly, is following the same course.

A few weeks ago, for example, Paul VI visited our parish church here in Rome one Sunday afternoon. He climbed the fifty stairs leading up to the church, a new one. Inside, he intoned a litany, then came out again and marched in procession around the square facing the church, as simple as a parish priest both in his bearing and his vestment, the unadorned white cassock. When he returned to the sanctuary, with great feeling and eloquence he preached a sermon, in which his role as the Bishop of Rome was accented. Then as he came out of the church he stopped to chat amiably with the children before getting into his car for the return trip to St. Peter's. Of course no parish is unaffected by a visit from the Pope. The pastor and other authorities saw to it that there was a good turn-out. But there was a minimum of splendor and display in connection with the visit. I have seen monsignors surround themselves with more panoply than the Holy Father permitted.

THE POPE's role will probably be changed, then, by the richer appreciation of the bishops which is developing. By the same token, the priest's role will change as a result of a richer appreciation of the layman's. That does not mean that one party's significance should be minimized as the other's is enlarged. Don't the changes mean, rather, that the sense of the Church as the People of God is becoming actualized? As authority is diffused and power decentralized, so is Christian responsibility. Just as, in accordance with the doctrine of collegiality, the Pope may soon share his burden of responsibility with the entire College of Bishops, so will more freedom for the priest in the diocese and for the layman in the parish lighten the load carried by bishops and parish priests.

To be sure, ultimate responsibilty will continue to fall on those whose office it is to make final decisions—in the one case the Pope's, in another the bishop's, and in a third the parish priest's. But the fewer decisions these officeholders *have* to make, especially when they are made alone, the better. One of the troubles Pope Pius XII faced during the Hitler days was that not enough individual decisions at a lower level were made. A sense of personal responsibility was lacking not only among lay Catholics but their priests and bishops as well. The result was that the Pope himself, when the chips were down, was boxed in by the irresponsibility of his subordinates.

Just how the traditional role of the priest will change as a result of the Council remains to be seen. The outlines of the future are still shadowy. But certainly if the bishops get a larger sense of their responsibility and the laymen, as is hoped, get a new realization of theirs, changes in the priest's understanding of his vocation will follow.

Here in Rome I run across quite a few seminarians. The ferment in the Church has of course affected them.

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And let it be said that the overwhelming majority of them seem desperately anxious to meet the needs of the time. They are convinced that their generation will carry out the reform and renewal initiated by the Vatican Council; they look forward to it. There are still numerous conservatives in Rome, holding the line, but few are found among the seminarians. That is a good sign. Another is that one of the first questions they usually put to a layman is, what do you expect of a priest? what is your ideal of the priesthood? In short, this generation of seminarians is asking how they can be good priests, serving the Church *and* the world. That they think this is a proper question to put to a layman is a sign that they are doing some hard thinking about the changing role of the priest—and of the layman.

Eager, idealistic seminarians, it is no secret, have frequently grown up to be complacent clerics. The seminary radical of yesterday is often the self-satisfied pastor of today. I am old enough to have seen that happen again and again. But I have hopes, solidly founded I believe, that the present generation of seminarians will be priests the like of which we have never seen. Not in spite of but because of the recent emphasis on the vocation of the layman, they have a surer grasp of their own calling. They are, in general, getting a better education than those who went before them. Because most of them keep up with theological developments, they are in touch with lively minds and benefit from an enriched understanding of Catholicism. Thanks to the ecumenical movement, they are more open-minded and less sectarian than earlier generations of clerics. Thanks to the questioning and critical mood of the last two Popes and many of the bishops at the Council, they are less likely to develop hardening of the intellectual arteries at an early age. Thanks to the reassessments and re-evaluations taking place on all sides in the Catholic world, they are asking themselves the hard questions about Christianity in the modern world and stand a good chance of stumbling on the right answers.

THAT LEAVES the Brothers and nuns, who live in a theological no-man's-land, neither clergy nor laity. Here, at least among the women, is where the real investigation of a new role is taking place. I recently had the chance to speak to a group of American nuns of different orders, several hundred of them. It was an enlightening experience. I came away with the impression that no other group is striving more earnestly for *aggiornamento*. And it is not just a question of millinery, either (though the medieval garb is a symbol of irrelevance to many) but a desire to play a more significant part in the Church and to be taken more seriously by both clerical and lay leaders.

I was reminded by these outspoken Sisters that there is not a single nun officially participating in the Council. I was told that they are underpaid, overworked, and understaffed in the parochial schools—thanks to clerics who overburden them, parents who underestimate their needs, canon laws that hem them in on all sides, and popular attitudes among clergy and laity that reduce them to perpetual adolescents. I was reminded that the girl entering the convent today has benefitted from the changed position of women in the world and sees no virtue in assuming the airs of a Victorian lady when she puts on a habit.

I came away with the unmistakable idea that the Second Sex was in no mood to keep on accepting second-class citizenship either in the parish, the diocese, or the universal Church. I also came away even more convinced that the potential in our convents has barely been touched, something that has been evident for a long time.

Willy-nilly, the nun's role is changing, if only because a different kind of girl is becoming a Sister. The contemporary nun, just because she is a modern woman (and the other kind is getting rarer than mitred abbesses) is determined to develop her personality and fulfill her potential, convent or no convent. The old notion of the ideal Sister as a "little lady all dedicated to God" strikes her as romantic rubbish. She is totally dedicated to her vocation, that much is true; but the image of a "little lady," withdrawn from the challenges of the real world, surviving on a hot-house piety, living by an anachronistic code, in accordance with an anachronistic idea of the "woman's place" is not what she is looking for in her mirror. Convents which offer that kind of future prospects are doomed. Those which can adapt their rule to a changed world, and a changed Church, will have no trouble attracting and keeping novices, for the generosity that makes convent-life possible is everywhere evident in the Church.

These are exciting days in the Church, full of change and of promise. The Sisters want to be part of it. They want to be considered; they want to be heard; they want to be represented where their interests are at stake (whether at the Vatican Council, the diocesan school board, or the Carnegie study of parochial schools at Notre Dame). The rest of us are just beginning to hear from them. I suspect that we will hear much more. And I would also be willing to wager that the role of the nun in the world will change, over the next few years, more radically than any other. Never underestimate the power of a woman—and, remember, there are some 140,000 of these women in the United States alone, rarin' to go.

We don't hear much from the Brothers. Maybe they are content to keep things pretty much the way they have been. But somehow I doubt it. JOHN COGLEY

(John Cogley, formerly one of the editors of The Commonweal, is a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. He is spending this year in Rome.)

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On Dropping Parochial Schools

WE DESCRIBE the Church in various images. One I have always loved is "the People of God," which for me never had narrow, parochial overtones—or at least it didn't until recently. Then I saw a front-page headline in the March 5 Brooklyn *Tablet* which proclaimed "Tribulations Everywhere for the People of God," supported by assorted subheads: "Christians Flee Pakistan"; "Moscow Accelerates Drive on Religion"; "Sudan Ousts Missioners." I am not quite sure why, but as far I am concerned the *Tablet* had somehow succeeded in transforming what could have been a series of legitimate complaints into one long sectarian whine.

The *Tablet* had complaints at home as well as abroad that week. Lower down on the front page another large head proclaimed: "Many Tensions for Catholics in U.S." This too was supported by subheads: "'Down with Parochial Schools,'" an attack on Mary Perkins Ryan's new book *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?;* "Prejudice on Broadway," a preposterous discussion of the "Deputy" issue; and "School Cutback in Cincinnati," an editorial doing duty as a news report on the elimination of the first grade by parochial schools of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Of all these stories, that on Mary Perkins Ryan's book interested me most. The *Tablet* does not carry the weight it once did, thank goodness, but it still calls the tune for a considerable section of Catholic conservative thinking. So if it regards criticism of the parochial school as an attack on the very idea of Christian education, you can figure that this will generally be the die-hard line. This, it seems to me, is unfortunate; Catholic education in the United States is at a crucial phase, and we badly need serious discussion.

For example, are we still supposed to take seriously the slogan, "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school"? Bishops and priests, nuns and brothers as well as Catholic parents have made tremendous efforts in this direction. Nonetheless, there is room for only about half the Catholic children in the parochial schools today, and this percentage can be expected to shrink rather than expand in the years ahead. Why should we pretend otherwise?

Then there is the question of quality. There was a time when the assumption was made that a religious environment was in itself ample justification for inferior academic standards. I think those days are gone, and no one regrets them. But, entirely aside from money, where are we going to find thousands and thousands of additional qualified teachers?

The parochial school system was created at great sacrifice, in order to preserve the faith of Catholic children in a strange land. It was born, however, in a period when only a minority of the population went on to further education. Are we to continue to talk about the parochial school as if this were still the case? What about those parents who are quite willing to see the first six or eight grades dropped from the parochial school in favor of junior and regular high school education? Surely their opinions should be taken very seriously. What efforts are being made to solicit the views of Catholic parents on this question of Catholic grade vs. high schools where an area cannot support both?

By now it should be obvious that all Catholics simply cannot attend Catholic schools from first grade through college. Are we ready to admit that fact and face the implications? Or are we going to continue to pretend that they can and should—even to the extent of treating those who do not as second-class Catholics?

These are practical questions. The kind of questions raised by writers like the *Tablet*-attacked Mary Perkins Ryan are even more fundamental. There is just so much money that can be raised, there are just so many qualified teachers, there are just so many priests and religious available now or in the foreseeable future. Granting the past accomplishments of the parochial school, are we so sure the almost total concentration of a parish's efforts on children from six to thirteen is the best way to use the talents and resources we have, and this on only approximately half of the parish's children? If the after-hours religious education program in many places is nothing to write home about, is this because of an essential flaw in the idea or because the system has always been treated as an inadequate and second-rate substitute for the parochial school?

Has our parochial school system produced such courageous Christians that we can not even consider improvements or possible alternatives in the light of our changed circumstances? Is it not possible that the Church in this country might benefit greatly by a shift in emphasis, away from a child-centered parish in favor of one which regards itself as a missionary center for Christian life and worship, involving the entire family?

These are the kind of questions we should be weighing, using every scrap of evidence that is available. Because my own education from first grade through graduate school was carried out almost exclusively under Catholic auspices, I may be somewhat prejudiced: I am inclined to think that the parochial school has served us reasonably well, and my feeling is that the burden of proof rests heavily on the shoulders of those who urge its end. Nonetheless, I still say the questions they raise are good ones, deserving a serious rather than a *Tablet* treatment.

JAMES O'GARA

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The Supersonic Jet: Is It Worth It?

EDWARD T. CHASE

IT IS NOW probable, if not virtually certain, that sometime early in the 1970's you will be able to leave London at, say 8:00 A.M., arrive in New York at 8:00 A.M., refuel, be in Los Angeles before 8:00 A.M. and arrive in Hawaii at 8:00 A.M., local time. This is what commercial supersonic air transport planes will be accomplishing in roughly a decade. The recent disclosure that the United States secretly has developed a new military plane, the A-11, that flies over 2,000 miles per hour, adds further assurance that the technical problems can be solved.

Considerably less certain, or so the voluminous testimony on the subject suggests, is whether this capacity to outrace the sun is going to be worth the effort. Most certain of all is that the development of a commercial supersonic transport plane is posing fascinating if awkward basic questions of public policy for what I will call the post-economic society. For we are entering a new era in which accelerating technological change is making our old conceptions of economics obsolete—especially those having to do with the relations between government and business—and therefore is stimulating the creation of new political accommodations.

The political challenge involved is the old insistent one: how do we maintain our free private institutions, such as the market, plus a maximum of individualism and personal drive, and at the same time act most effectively in the general public interest. This, as the supersonic program illustrates, is shaping up to be a formidable trick.

First a review of the facts. In the late 1950's it became apparent that aviation technology was offering the prospect of transport planes with potentials beyond the maximum performance of the family of subsonic jets then being created. In the United States, England, France, and as we now know, in Russia, aviation engineers began to specify the design configurations, materials and engines for planes in supersonic speed ranges. The speed of sound is 761 m.p.h. at sea level, 660 m.p.h. at 36,000 feet.

The English and French subsequently joined forces (the United States was invited but refused to participate) in a remarkable instance of international commercial teamwork, and have proceeded to develop the Concorde. This is a plane that is expected at its debut about 1970 to be capable of a speed of 1,450 m.p.h. but no more, owing to its aluminum construction. At that speed the plane's surfaces will sustain friction creating a temperature of about 250 degrees Fahrenheit, about the limits of aluminum's tolerance.

Having made their decision, the Anglo-French group have proceeded apace with their developmental work and, among other consequences, have: (1) begun to accept conditional "orders" (i.e. conditional on the planes' being certificated), including orders from T.W.A. and Pan American among the American carriers, and to establish a delivery schedule of their first run of planes; (2) precipitated a convulsion within American aviation circles to meet their competition, consternation among government officials at the prospective gold drain should American airlines be forced to buy the Concorde, and a furor of debate as to what course the United States should take.

Meanwhile, we have recently had it on no less an authority than Gordon Bain, the Federal Aviation Agency's top man on the supersonic project, that Russia too is proceeding apace with its own version of a commercial supersonic. This seems to be the least of our worries, however, in view of the Russian's signal inability to come up with an internationally competitive air transport in the past. The Russian version again is expected to be an aluminum job, about in the same speed range as the Concorde.

WHAT IS NOT the least of our worries is that the Anglo-French effort is a government effort, which is to say that the conventional economics of private enterprise do not act as a hindrance: our cousins abroad are persuaded that on both grounds of prestige and the chance of capturing the first big slice of the supersonic market at the outset that this is an undertaking worth the risk of half a billion from their public treasuries. They are even pricing the Concorde at around $10 million per plane (on criteria that elude analysis), only two to four million more than a first-class American subsonic like the DC-8 or 707, and way under half of what most American aviation experts anticipate will be the cost of an American supersonic.

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Nonetheless we can proceed on the assumption that there *will* be an American supersonic, despite an almost undeviatingly hostile (as well as totally ignored) questioning of the undertaking by the academic and intellectual community, a point I'll revert to shortly. Indeed the Federal Aviation Agency has already begun to worry itself over the details of delivery dates of particular planes to particular airlines, the dollar return on its investment on specific dates, etc., when in truth the entire American project is in the greatest of ferment over how just to get started, let alone any definite idea of when any plane will be operational.

The main uproar has been over the cost-sharing plan established by the government. The original plan, under the jurisdiction of the Federal Aviation Agency, calls for the government to put up 75 percent of the estimated cost of $1 billion, the plane manufacturers the rest, with the government to recoup its investment over a period of 12 years from the airlines using the supersonics. On paper, at least, it is a most ingenious scheme to spread the risks fairly among the interested groups—the manufacturers' stockholders; the nation's taxpayers; the travelling public.

But the aviation industry so far will have none of this, with the manufacturing companies all claiming that the financial risks are too great. One of our very biggest builders, the Douglas Aircraft Company, has chosen to stay out of any competition for the award to build the supersonic, so chary is it of taking a financial beating on the deal. Senator A. S. Mike Monroney, chairman of the Senate Aviation Subcommittee, has suggested that two or more of the companies should act in concert, but this has not happened and probably won't. This notion of private corporations banding together in a consortium has its analogy in the effort by insurance companies to underwrite profitless, indeed loss-provoking, health care for the elderly by pooling their resources. It appears that this increasingly will be an expedient by the private sector to provide unprofitable services required by the general public. It is an expedient stimulated primarily by fear of government take-over, not altruism, which is not to say it is by any means a bad idea.

Meanwhile the Senate Appropriations Committee has already approved $60 million for initial phases of the supersonic transport program. It took this action, furthermore, after the Aviation Subcommittee had completed the hearings that revealed the depth of the aviation industry's misgivings over the proposed cost-sharing plan.

The most significant recent development in the supersonic debate has been the submission and partial disclosure of an analytical report on the supersonic program, the so-called Black Report. This report was ordered by President Kennedy and was prepared by financiers Eugene R. Black, former World Bank president now with Chase Manhattan, and Stanley de J. Osborne of Lazard Freres & Co. It is presently under study by various government agencies. But it is known to stress these points: first and most important, that the manufacturers are right in the debate and that accordingly the government should provide up to 90% of the original financing, not just 75%. Second, that the program must not be construed as a competition with the Concorde, but should focus on excellence, with the practical point here being that there must be more intensive research testing regardless of delivery timetables.

Thus it is recommended that two prototype planes be built and tested at length before any production is contemplated. Third, that the business of airlines' posting money with the FAA for delivery positions be dropped and that the program be taken away from the FAA and placed under a special Supersonic Transport Authority reporting to the President. (The powerful Senator Monroney is against this latter recommendation.) So far no one knows to what extent the Black Report's recommendations will be adopted. I suspect they will be substantially followed.

AN IMPORTANT date in the supersonic program was January 15, when design proposals came in from Boeing, Lockheed (who built the secret A-11) and North American Aviation, with engine designs from United Aircraft (producer of the A-11's engines), Curtiss-Wright and General Electric. Assuming one airframe and one engine design are deemed the best, on the basis of the original plan, the Federal Aviation Agency will make a selection May 1. Should there fail to be a clearcut winner, a runoff competition will be held between the top two competitors, the final selection to be made by early 1965. The schedule calls for test flying of a prototype in 1968, production models by 1970. It is a highly optimistic conception.

As regards design, the best American opinion holds that it is essential that our plane be made of titanium and steel, able thereby to sustain heat of well over 600 degrees Fahrenheit and capable of a speed of 2,000 m.p.h. or more. The great significance of the development of the A-11 is that this supercraft is made of titanium, resolving lingering questions as to the workability of this rather exotic metal. An aluminum plane like the Concorde is felt to be a dead-end type, since it cannot be developed toward higher performance, whereas the steel-titanium plane could be the base for a continually improved machine, and thus would assure the U.S.A. of eventually dominating the world market for supersonics as it has for subsonics.

What is this world market? That is a very great question, with most opinion seeing it on the order of 315 such craft. Nor is there any firm view as to the seat miles economics of the supersonic; opinions conflict and no doubt will continue to until much more is known. The pessimists, and one might include Civil Aeronautics

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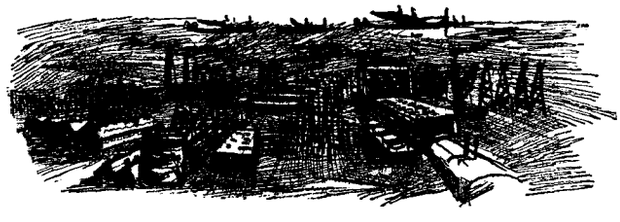
Board head Alan Boyd in this group, anticipate very grave problems on the operating economics, while the optimists are inclined to criticize the pessimists for extrapolating from the present world. They in turn envision a new world so committed to air travel that the supersonics will be absorbed with hardly any more difficulty than the subsonics have been, which, I might observe, has been no picnic, though this year the situation has eased considerably.

One of the novel features of the supersonic episode is that for the first time in the development of a new family of planes the way will not have been explored through military research and development. The significance of this can hardly be overstated. Two to three billion dollars of military research preceded the subsonic jets; this time the start is virtually from scratch and it is this fact that is greatly exacerbating the difficulties.

As if all this were not enough to worry about, there remains another super worry and that is the sonic boom that the faster-than-sound transport is bound to produce. The combination of speed plus a very large craft—the American plane is expected to seat around two hundred, the Concorde one hundred—will make for a boom capable of breaking more than windows and having a devastating impact on the nerves of the millions of people near the flight paths. Whether slow speed at low altitudes and then cruising at maybe 80,000 feet will sufficiently moderate the problem is a moot question.

The mootest question of all, however, the one we began with, is whether the game is worth the gamble, and I refer here to the planned U.S. effort. The deprecators are inclined to frame the query in terms of whether the risk of bankruptcies, forced mergers, possible nationalization of the air transport industry, etc., etc., are justified simply to enable a businessman or tourist to gain a couple of hours on a transoceanic hop.

My own view is that one can in fact make a compelling argument for the supersonic effort on the grounds (1) of its advantage to the U.S.A. in ensuring dominance in the next aviation era; (2) the growing evidence that soon the world will be a complex of closely related nations, quite different from today, wherein the advantages, even the necessities, of ready personal access to any point on the globe will become increasingly evident; and (3) the prestige that will accrue to the society first producing a machine that will be the most tangible kind of evidence of technological prowess: a plane is a visible and daily reminder, as a satellite is not.



And I am also persuaded by the testimony of one of the most brilliant engineers in modern American aviation, John Stack, presently with Republic Aviation, for several years the key aeronautical engineer for NASA. Stack's belief is that if the U.S.A. were to refuse to compete in the development of supersonic transports, the effects upon the American aviation industry would be disastrous, that it would fall behind in a way that would be extraordinarily hard to overcome.

One of the fallacies in the negative camp, or so it seems to me, is the famous either-or syndrome—why not devote the resources for the supersonic to safety or to a short-haul plane, this being the kind of questioning that at times takes the turn, "if we would only devote the money we spend on cigarettes for slum eradication, we could rebuild America in a decade, etc., etc." But experience shows that we do not operate that way nor do even totalitarian states like Russia. In fact there is every good reason, both economic and social, for us to do several of these things simultaneously, for example build the short-haul plane that is in truth greatly needed not only in the U.S.A. but for the underdeveloped areas and also as a support plane for the Army.

The same goes for improved safety devices; there is already in existence superior new British equipment that we are not using on the grounds we can't afford to. In fact we cannot afford *not* to do these things for much longer. This goes for the economic argument also, for the aviation industry *and* the national economy both need the stimulation of these immense ventures under consideration.

ONE THING the supersonic episode is dramatizing is that, in the age of wondrous new technology, many worthwhile and even essential things to do will not fall comfortably under the framework of conventional market economics, or at the very least not at their outset. The research and developmental costs are frequently too great. Does this then mean we should be immobilized, on the one hand, shaking our heads over the impossibilities of the bookkeeping involved, or, on the other, that we automatically dismiss the problem as one beyond the private sector's involvement and to be strictly the central government's? Obviously not. For the foreseeable future, in fact, American practice must be to exercise ever greater ingenuity in developing a functioning, effective *mixed* economy. It must be one capable of getting the very best performance out of the free price-market system and at the same time be an economy that is not fearful about utilizing government money and institutions when clearly they must be used and when the public interest is apparent. (A paradox of the supersonic debate is that the aviation businessmen have been the first to stress this point, not the ideologues of government.)

The real dilemma isn't economic as we have under-

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stood that term. I call ours the post-economic society since the old bookkeeping rituals no longer fit realities. The criteria for making judgments on what is economically sound or unsound are so far-ranging and subtle today that they are toppling the cost-benefit considerations of an older era of scarcity economics. Technology, with the abundance it can promise, is shattering our preconceptions in all fields, from manpower and welfare economics to capital investment.

The dilemmas we face now are essentially political—how to keep free in an era of enormous new bureaucracies (both public and private) and how to live with scientific advance. The ancient Greeks viewed science as sacred knowledge. And, because the Greeks put a premium upon political stability, the secret of manipulating nature (science) was confined to the few so as to prevent social disruptions bound to follow in the wake of new applications of technology. But Americans have traditionally believed a free society must encourage the unfettered intelligence and pursue all discoveries and their applications. This is a fearfully challenging approach because even our best scientists cannot foresee all the future consequences of a given technological advance.

These considerations are by no means remote from the problem of the supersonic transport. Not only are the economic puzzles and the involved relationships between the aviation industry and the government I've referred to applicable. There are the even more recondite problems of the sonic boom and of other technical dangers, for example, the radiation threat possible in flying at the high altitudes the supersonic will use.

The root problem here is that the difficult questions raised, in which the public interest is deeply involved, require answers—but from whom? If old fashioned market considerations, the traditional flow of consumer demand and supply, don't provide the answers, obviously our public servants must. They must be guided wisely by the scientific community and ultimately judged by an electorate that will have to be ever better educated, ever more sophisticated if it hopes to continue to play its democratic role in making the final decisions of public policy. The alternative possibility, of highly authoritarian government, is not to be tolerated.

Congressional Reapportionment

One Voter, One Vote

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

UNTIL VERY recently, one of the landmark cases in American constitutional law has been *Colegrove v. Green*. Professor Kenneth Colegrove and others argued, back in 1946, that their constitutional rights to vote had been eroded away by Illinois' failure to redistrict its congressional seats for more than forty years. They urged the Supreme Court to act to protect those rights. No, replied the Court through Justice Frankfurter: certain questions are "political" in nature and should not be dealt with by courts. Legislative apportionments fell into this category. "It is hostile to a democratic system to involve the judiciary in the politics of the people. . . . Courts ought not to enter this political thicket."

For more than a decade after it was handed down in 1946, the *Colegrove* decision seemed to be as solidly-based a part of constitutional doctrine as one could find in this uncertain world. But, as one perhaps cynical student of the Supreme Court has observed, political questions are questions which the Justices say are political, and non-justiciable issues are issues which a majority of the Court does not care to adjudicate. A major premise of *Colegrove* had been that if only judges exercised self-restraint, the political process—no longer "in judicial leading-strings"—would correct itself.

The reality was quite otherwise. The irresistible force of population shift, encountering the immobility of entrenched interests in state legislatures, produced greater inequities in representation with every passing year on both the state and federal levels. Finally, two years ago, the Court re-entered the political thicket by holding that apportionment suits were justiciable after all. To be sure, the decision in *Baker v. Carr* was narrowly technical. It did no more than unlock the doors of the federal courts to citizen challenges of state apportionments. That, however, was enough.

On February 17 the Supreme Court finally completed the interment of *Colegrove v. Green*. In the first of a series of vitally important apportionment cases before this year, it ruled that congressional districts were constitutionally required to be as nearly equal in popula as practicable. The argument presented by Justice F

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for the six-man majority was quite simple. The founding fathers had clearly intended that the House of Representatives be the special embodiment of the democratic element in our mixed Constitution. Consequently, the necessary implication of Article I is that the doctrine of "one man, one vote" be the basic standard to ensure that it remain the "popular house" of Congress. Declining to set a rigid mathematical yardstick of equality, the Court left to the lower federal courts the task of deciding whether congressional apportionments in their respective states came close enough to equality to be constitutionally valid.

THE MODES of representation in the House have undergone considerable change over the years. From 1789 to about 1840, a number of middle-sized states regularly chose their Congressmen at large, while multiple-member congressional districts in cities like New York and Philadelphia were also part of the pattern. Thereafter Congress laid down certain guidelines, the general import of which was to promote the district system, eliminate multiple-member constituencies, and require—at least *pro forma*—that the districts not only be approximately equal in population but also "compact and contiguous," in an effort to combat at least the more obvious forms of the gerrymander. These requirements of the states were re-enacted by Congress every ten years down through 1911.

But the pull of localism and the absence of any sanctions which effective party discipline might provide made a virtual dead letter of these provisions. Indeed, masterly inactivity and political stalemate became so much a way of life in this field that Congress failed altogether to pass an act in 1921 to redistribute each state's share of seats in accordance with the 1920 census. By 1930 one declining New York City district elected a Congressman representing 90,000 constituents, while a Michigan district containing 1,400,000 people also elected one Congressman. This nullification by inaction of the 1920 census finally prompted Congress to pass an act in 1929 automatically reallocating seats among the states after every decennial census. Perhaps in compromise, or perhaps simply out of a realization of how totally ineffective were the "compact and contiguous" equal-population clauses in earlier acts, Congress deleted all such provisions from the 1929 act. In law as well as in fact, the whole subject of districting was henceforth left entirely up to the states.

The results of this abdication by Congress have been strikingly similar to those which followed its failure even to reallocate seats in 1921. By 1960 congressional districts differed in size from Michigan's 11th (population 177,000) to Texas' 5th (population 952,000)—both represented by Republicans. The effects of such malapportionment vary widely from state to state. For the most part, however, it has served to buttress the power position of locally dominant political interests: Republican in much of the North, Democratic throughout the South. Almost everywhere rural areas and declining city centers have been overrepresented at the expense of the suburbs, and in some states metropolitan regions as a whole. Little justification could be offered for the chronic unrepresentativeness of the House of Representatives, but literally nothing could be done about it until the Supreme Court re-entered the field.

Without question, the rural bias in congressional representation has had much to do with the House's increasing conservatism compared with the Senate. For at least Senators, while they are elected quite without regard to equalities of population, have to win statewide elections. Consequently, they generally have to take into account more than one dominant economic or social interest when they campaign or cast a roll-call vote. But malapportionment and the efforts of state legislatures to create as many safe districts as possible have contributed to the paradox that the chamber which the Founders intended to serve as the "popular house" has become the most persistently conservative branch of the federal government.

THE SUPREME COURT'S apportionment decisions—in sharp contrast with its segregation and political-offender decisions—have won astonishingly broad support and prompt compliance. No doubt this is largely because the practices condemned by the Court are indefensible in a society which professes some allegiance to the democratic principle of majority rule. Yet the flurry of activity in the state legislatures should not mislead liberals into assuming that the walls of Jericho have fallen at last, or that a majoritarian millennium is finally at hand. The Court has once again spoken in favor of the values and interests in our society which favor the concentration and discipline of political power. But those values and interests committed to political dispersion and irresponsibility retain tremendous defensive strength at every level of the American governmental structure.

After all, how many of the basic causes of congressional irresponsibility have been reached by the Court's decision in *Wesberry v. Sanders*? Population inequities constitute only one aspect of the whole problem. The Court, for instance, has made no attempt to deal with the gerrymander. Nor can it be expected to deal with the fact that most localities in the United States are solidly dominated by one of the political parties. Both of these factors have probably done far more to deprive voters of meaningful choices in congressional elections and to accentuate single-interest special pleading in the House than any population inequalities, however extreme. So long as the gerrymanders are roughly equal in population, it seems hard to see on what grounds they could be challenged in the courts. Moreover, the peculiarities of distribution of party strength at the grass

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roots have been primarily responsible—along with skilful drawing of district lines by state legislatures—for the fact that about three-quarters of the seats in the House are held by incumbents who have little to fear from the candidates of the other political party. Barring a fundamental change in the nature of the party system itself, this pattern will probably not substantially change in the foreseeable future.

FURTHERMORE, the direct effect of the *Wesberry* decision itself seems likely to be more limited—at least in the short run—than might at first be supposed. To be sure, nearly three-quarters of the states will soon have to reapportion their congressional districts. But the workings of the population-quota system used to allocate seats to each state every decade and the requirement that each state have at least one member in the House leave us quite far from proportional representation. A fairly educated guess would be that when reapportionments have been completed, a maximum of about two dozen seats—about five percent of the House's total of 435—will have been shifted from rural areas to metropolitan centers. Moreover, probably two-thirds of this limited number will go to suburbs which normally tend to elect moderate-to-conservative Republicans. Considering the persistent suburban Republican strength and its rapid increase in Southern cities, it seems quite likely that the G. O. P. will become the major beneficiary of what limited change occurs in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision. For the short run at least, the shift in the House's political center of gravity will be not from conservative to liberal but from nineteenth-century conservative to twentieth-century conservative.

Finally, it hardly need be said, the Court's decision in *Wesberry v. Sanders* can have no perceptible effect upon the power structure *within* the House of Representatives. This structure, with its emphasis upon seniority and the baronial power of committee chairmen, remains every bit as much of a "disintegrate ministry" as it was back in the 1880's when the young Woodrow Wilson first sought to describe Congress realistically. Party discipline in the House remains conspicuous by its absence. This internal regime is not likely to show any significant changes until or unless a major party realignment forces Southern conservative Democrats onto the same side of the aisle as their Northern conservative-Republican brethren, and stimulates two-party competition in the many areas where it is lacking today. Yet the conservative Southerners who hold so many House chairmanships can be expected to resist the logic of party realignment as long as they can; they have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by the development of a rational party system. And two-party competition within most congressional districts seems as remote an ideal as ever.

Nevertheless, the long-term importance of this decision should not be underrated. The re-entry of the judiciary into apportionment questions and the rule of substantial population equality which has been announced should mean, at the least, that congressional representation will more or less keep pace with the accelerating population shift to the metropolitan centers. By the end of the century, it is estimated, three-quarters or more of the American people will be living in these complexes. The way is now clear to maintain the relevance of the House's membership to this fundamental change. As constitutionally-compelled and nearly universal redistricting continues decade after decade, persistent quantitative shifts in the balance of power may well be transmuted at a certain point to a basic qualitative change in the way the House of Representatives conducts its business.

At the moment, a good deal of unfinished work awaits the Justices in the closely related field of state legislative reapportionment. Several intriguing questions must soon be decided. (1) Many states have urged a "little federal system" which, by analogy with the U.S. Senate, would assure each county of at least one seat in the state Senate, and thus maintain overrepresentation of thinly-populated areas. Is this "little federal" analogy a permissible basis for deviation by the states from a strict population standard? (2) In at least two cases, lower federal courts have positively reapportioned state legislatures themselves. Does federal judicial power extend this far? (3) In some states, the voters have approved apportionment schemes designed to continue unequal representation in one house of the legislature. Should federal courts interfere with such expressions of the popular will on matters of state concern?

Wesberry v. Sanders provides very few clues to the Court's disposition of these pending questions. The majority chose to rest its opinion entirely on Article I, rather than on the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause, and it is judicial interpretation of the equal-protection clause which must resolve the issues arising out of the state apportionment cases. At the moment, however, the force of the *Wesberry* decision—if not its explicit reasoning—seems entirely on the side of those who argue for a strict population basis for both houses of the state legislature. If so, the long-range consequences of *Wesberry* for the composition and behavior

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of the federal House of Representative may begin appearing rather soon.

The Supreme Court's entry into legislative apportionment questions strongly implies that a new cycle of judicial activism is at hand. Generally, political responsibility and party discipline are inversely related to the exercise of broad judicial power. The more there is of the one, the less there is likely to be of the other. The American political process, it is hard not to believe, has failed a basic test in its handling of apportionment. It has been unable to rise above deadlocks and entrenched power positions, even to secure a right—that of equal political voice for voters—which practically no one challenges openly. In such circumstances, judicial self-restraint does not stimulate the political process to new heights of responsibility. It simply creates an accumulating vacuum of power and legitimacy. The Justices are drawn back into the fray sooner or later.

The existence of judicial review, as the apportionment cases are not alone in demonstrating, is indispensable to free government in the United States. But its existence in its present sweep is also a standing condemnation of a political process which too often seems incapable of protecting the constitutional rights of American citizens. As State Senator Fuqua of Georgia put it: "I think this is another case where we have not protected our states' rights by failing to act when we should have acted to correct an inequity everybody knew was an inequity." He might have added that this failure is a major reason for the extraordinary prominence of a non-elected Supreme Court in the American system of government.

One Man's Fancy

The Second Sex, Etc., Etc.

WILFRID SHEED

THE CAUSE of women's (what's the word for it at this point? rights? aspirations?) seems to have been left entirely in the hands of women themselves. Betty Friedan's rabble-rousing *Feminine Mystique* carries quotes from seven women on the back—plus a word from the ineffable Ashley Montagu (I don't know why I keep thinking of Harpo Marx surrounded by Margaret Dumonts) and this seems to be about the proportion of interlopers to interested parties in this particular movement.

Which may be too bad because, by the mechanics of the situation, a woman demanding her own rights is seldom seen in her best light. If it is true that the people who do society's drudgery, Negroes, cockneys, etc., are usually neutralized by some comic convention or other, it is pre-eminently true of women—at least, whenever they attempt to be taken seriously.

Thus it comes about that the louder Simone de Beauvoir and Mrs. Friedan shout the funnier they seem. They are trapped by one of the comic conventions they are out to destroy—the convention of the female preacher. It is quite possible that serious injustice has been done to women: yet there remains a strange aura of frivolity about the whole question. When men discuss it at all, it is with a jocosity that would seem bizarre in any other cause involving injustice. (No doubt part of the explanation is that a feminist in a rage is much cuter than a Negro or a sharecropper.)

On the theory that men could be saying something more useful than "you decide what you want to be, dear, and then we'll see," I have tried dipping fitfully into a few books on the question. It is supposed to be a local aberration to buy a book or take a course in these circumstances—and so far, I have gotten pretty much what I deserve for giving in to it.

Simone de Beauvoir's *Second Sex* is an unflaggingly ingenious argument about a totally unrecognizable question. It may be possible to write about sexual matters with a relative lack of humor (*vide* Havelock Ellis, Alfred Kinsey, etc.); but Mlle. de Beauvoir goes altogether too far. Humorlessness on her scale becomes a crippling intellectual defect. This is no mere inability to see a joke, but a pernicious shortage of natural juices, which leaves the victim unable to discuss human affairs with any kind of accuracy at all. Her version of masculine psychology forms one of those epic zany constructions (like Fellini's wonderful space platform in 8½) that a normally-humored person would probably not have attempted in the first place. Remembering also her unlikely reactions to America—the only other subject on which I could test her—I had to conclude that she was not the ideal guide to follow into a strange region.

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I lasted even less time with Dr. Montagu. Part-way through a longish article, he asserted that women should really be running the world because they are so full of love. It was clear at once that the Doctor and I travel on different subways. It is a truism on my line that for blind, jack-booted fury there is nothing to touch a smallish middle-aged woman in the rush-hour; for total unscrupulousness in pursuit of a seat, for rank ill-nature when presented with one, for snarling panic at all times—well, let's just say that "full of love" seems to be putting it a bit strongly.

Even if Montagu avoids subways, buses and bargain-sales like the plague that they are, a man of science should have noted right away the sharp distinction between public-woman and private-woman, and noted also the treacherous independability of a word like "love." Dr. Montagu made some pretty provocative points about genes in the same article; but in dealing with the larger organisms, he seemed to have misplaced his spectacles.

WHICH BRINGS us back to Betty Friedan, who is not a bit like the other two, but is intensely practical and watchful—a little like a woman on a subway, in fact, although not so primitive, of course.

Unfortunately her train never gets very far, because it keeps going back to the junction and starting again. *The Feminine Mystique* seems to have originated as a scatter of articles, in each of which the author had to restate her whole case from the very beginning, and the result in book-form is a grinding monotony, a sense of being lectured at interminably by a person in an unfluctuating rage. You can open the book at any point, and find yourself in the middle of the same scene—like a husband who comes home to find that his wife hasn't stopped talking since breakfast.

Nevertheless, there are a number of useful points in the book. Mrs. Friedan by-passes the metaphysical questions concerning the nature of women and plunges straight into the de facto situation. Why is "being feminine" such a bore these days? Melodramatically she calls this the problem without a name and goes on to document its existence with pulverizing, and convincing thoroughness. There is no doubt that our traditional notions of femininity have been on the stiff and artificial side. Mrs. Friedan points out that modern housewives do more housework than their grandmothers did—because it is feminine. (To this I would only add that one would not be surprised to hear that men do more carpentry than their grandfathers, too—because it is masculine. People are struggling to keep sex-differentiations distinct, in a world in which such differentiations seem less and less called-for: by making all modern problems exclusively feminine, Mrs. Friedan misses quite a few trails of this kind).

There are several directions in which one would like the author to go from there, but she doesn't really go in any of them. On the practical level: it is certainly true that work should have some relation to reality—that making your bread and your own furniture is degradingly silly, at least as a central occupation. But most of the work that men do for a living is unreal too, in a different sense. Again, Mrs. Friedan is too much of a pamphleteer to concede that finding meaning in modern life is uphill work for everyone, regardless of sex. She talks rapturously of the free-swinging career girls of the 1930s, as reflected in the popular fiction of the period; but this is only to replace one mystique with another. Most modern work is bafflingly unsatisfactory, for men and women alike; if women should suddenly begin to flood the labor-market, nine out of ten of them would wind up with the kind of jobs that have been boring, depressing and de-humanizing men for the last 50 years or so. If Mrs. Friedan gets her way, there will presumably be another book in twenty years time pointing all this out and the girls will all troop home again.

The trouble is that the question has become one of fad rather that of necessity. So long as office-work is done for the sake of "self-fulfilment" it will remain basically as artificial as cookie-cutting. Someone else will always have a new idea about what constitutes self-fulfilment for a woman. And until this is answered on a more profound level, these meaningless oscillations will continue, every time the women's magazines change their tune.

The problem that Mrs. Friedan doesn't face is, how free can anyone be to define his or her own personality? In the past, circumstances defined it very strictly for women (housework had to be done: therefore housework was "feminine"); now as circumstance loosens its hold slightly, it is replaced by the iron whim of fashion; it is replaced by people like Betty Friedan. The woman who says no, I will define myself my own way, is likely to become frozen in an attitude—of classical femininity, or aggressive efficiency, or what have you.

Mlle. de Beauvoir claims that womanhood is defined by society anyway, not by nature, and that women should therefore be completely free to choose. Yet society's definitions can be almost as binding as nature's. Try to be a non-American American and you will wind up a freak; try to be your own kind of man, or woman, and you will caricature your own concept. Autonomy is an art that few people of either sex have mastered.

This is the kind of direction I would have liked Mrs. Friedan to explore. In choosing to be a journalist rather than a philosopher, she has only succeeded in handing down another suffocating mandate. Yet taken in company with other books, hers may help us an inch or two toward asking the real questions: how to be oneself without constantly referring to manuals like *The Feminine Mystique;* how to recognize freedom, and how to use it.

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THE SCREEN

All That Glitters

MANY American moviegoers, anxious to depreciate Hollywood, consider foreign films as gems of purest rays serene. While we have received many, many first-rate films from abroad, not every import is a gem. Usually only the better or more startling movies are sent over; and even with these, Americans are likely to concentrate on the best of the better. English film makers, although turning out some of the best like "Henry V," "A Taste of Honey," and "Tom Jones," also produce some so-so films which they export with the hopes of regaining some of their investment. A group of these is on our screens now; and you can take them or leave them, depending on how Anglomoviephile you are.

No doubt Albert Finney and everyone else concerned saw quite a challenge in remaking "Night Must Fall" with Finney doing the role played by Robert Montgomery in the 1937 version. That "Night Must Fall" was a straight thriller in which Montgomery, as a psychopathic killer, carried a hatbox containing the head of his last victim, and scared the wits out of Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty. One of the troubles with the new version is that the script, written by Clice Exton—again from Emlyn Williams' play—is more like a case history in psychopathology than a screenplay. This "Night," well directed by Karel Reisz, has its chilling moments, as when Danny (Finney) right at the beginning is shown hacking away at a body or when later he cleverly worms his way into the house and heart of Mrs. Bramson (Mona Washbourne); but most of the frightening aspects are dissipated by healthy outdoor scenes showing Danny racing on his motorbike or cavorting with Mrs. Bramson's pretty daughter (Susan Hampshire). Furthermore, the three women in the house—the old lady, her daughter, and their maid (Sheila Hancock) whom Danny has already got pregnant—become so fond of Danny and slobber over him so neurotically that we wonder with whom we are supposed to identify in this nestful of nuts. Ron Grainer's musical score comes through so loud and clear that it detracts, especially with its insistent "Three Blind Mice" theme. Although Karel Reisz and Albert Finney have given their film a good production, director Reisz should have toned down Finney a bit. No one denies that he's a fine actor, but he plays Danny with such vehemence that his performance becomes a *tour de force* in which the audience is thrilled more by Finney's histrionics than by the murders he's committing.

EVERY TIME I'm convinced the angry-young-man theme has run its course, another movie turns up angrier than ever. In "Young and Willing," produced by Betty E. Box and directed by Ralph Thomas who have made good films, handsome newcomer Ian McShane plays an angry college boy who is quite a leader with his gang of rebels who seem to be more concerned with sex and pub-crawling than books or classrooms. Full well may they ask, "What's education doing for us, anyway?" As it's handled at this particular English university, education isn't doing much for anyone. The young people drift along and get little guidance from their elders. One couple involved with Ian should have been kicked out of the teaching business long ago: the professor-husband (Paul Rogers) realizes Ian could be a brilliant student, but he dislikes the obnoxious boy thoroughly; and his wife (Virginia Maskell), a nymph, soon has Ian in her bed. All of this goes from bed to worse and gets so silly that it seems to be parodying the whole angry school. Maybe this is the end. In any case, I'm thoroughly fed up with self-pitying youngsters whose cry is: "We weren't killed by the war, so we're a generation of lost vipers."

I'M ALSO getting fed up with murderers who are supposed to be funny. In "They All Died Laughing," which is also set at an English university (how *do* the English survive their schools?) a chemistry professor discovers a poison that throws its victims into a state of euphoric hilarity before killing them. So the professor, who has an idea that the unfit should be eliminated anyway, has a fine time getting rid of a straight-laced proctor, an interfering old gossip, a competitor for a position the professor wants, and several others whom he deems unfit because they get in his way. While the cast is good enough (Leo McKern, Dennis Price, Maxine Audley, Miles Malleson, and Janey Munro as the professor's mistress) none of this is very funny; and the movie plods drearily along striving for laughs. Murder comedies, if done at all, must be done brilliantly—and preferably with Alec Guinness. Who will ever forget "Kind Hearts and Coronets"?

MAKING no attempt to be funny, "Dr. Crippen" tells the story of the famous 1910 murder case that ended when the mousy little American-born doctor was convicted of killing his wife and was hanged in England. The film, played in a low key without actually taking sides one way or the other, is quite interesting, but strangely enough, even though it no doubt follows the facts, isn't quite believable. The cast is excellent, especially Donald Pleasance as the henpecked doctor; Coral Browne as his overpowering, insatiable wife; and Samantha Eggar as his pretty mistress. As this version is unfolded, it turns out that the doctor didn't really mean to kill his wife. One can accept that, but one has trouble understanding what the two women saw in this ineffectual little nobody. Everyone to his own tastes. In any case, this film's production is handsome, and the

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whole thing is told, not as a sensational thriller but as a what-makes-Crippen-tick. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

APA at the Phoenix

THE CHIEF reason for the difficulties repertory theater has had in this country is most often thought to be an economic one: you either do not have a permanent, properly equipped home, or if you do you cannot keep a company together long enough for it to be adequately trained and fashioned into a true ensemble. But while there is a certain truth to this (although one that grows narrower year by year) there are much more central esthetic reasons why so many repertory groups die in infancy or, if they do manage to plant themselves physically, turn out to betray the very purposes of repertory.

To begin with there is the matter of the repertoire itself. What is so outrageous about the new Lincoln Center Repertory Theater is precisely that it should devote so much expertise and so lavish a physical endowment to such unworthy plays as "After the Fall" and "Marco Millions." But even where the repertoire is sound and principled, what most often happens is a radical failure of procedure, a failure to develop a style, a distinctive approach to texts which elicits new life from them, with every member of the company contributing to that as an instrument. The new Seattle Repertory Theater, with its unadventurous but far from contemptible program—"King Lear," "The Sea Gull," "The Firebugs" by Max Frisch—and its unbelievably inept and unimaginative stagings—is the most recent example of this delinquency.

The APA (Association of Producing Artists) is a group which is many cuts above the Seattle one. It is in fact one of our better repertory companies, which is what makes it so representative of the general despair. For as it reveals itself in the season it has begun at the Phoenix, the APA has not been able in its four and a half years of existence to create a style of its own. There is almost nothing in the performances it has been giving which serves the unexpected, the inimitable or the restorative. And because in art you must either break into the new or remain strapped to the surface of an exhausted convention, these performances have the effect of diminishing the works they are supposed to replenish.

Pirandello's "Right You Are" is one of his major plays, a bit schematic now, a long generation after it helped revolutionize the stage, but still alive and very much worth seeing again. But the APA is not doing it well, which is not so much a matter of physical capacity or of technical resources as of imagination and of fidelity to the soul of the drama. There is a great deal of fidelity to the skin of the play; the *mise-en-scène* is just that World War One Italian upper-middle-class environment, with its suffocating protocol and gossipy concern with appearances, in which Pirandello located and anchored his metaphysical inquest into the nature of truth.

The APA production, however, mistakes the ground for the action it is meant to support. "Right You Are" should never be played as a study of manners, and even less as a straightforward farce with, as a concession, a rind of philosophy. But that is the way Stephen Porter has directed it and the way the cast plays it, the result being that the mystery, which should rise precisely from the tension between setting and significance, is dissipated and eventually disappears. Moreover, in playing for laughs, the troupe gives the impression, as an actor friend of mine remarked, of being a mere stock company, energetic, rather talented and certainly well-intentioned, but a stock company nevertheless.

Molière's "Impromptu At Versailles" and "Scapin" are both minor works, the former an exercise in self-defense on the part of the playwright and the latter a classically constructed farce of great mechanical skill but no pretension to high stature. They can both be enjoyed on their proper levels, that is if they are done not only with vigor and good will but also with precision and inventiveness. But because the APA has not come into possession of any new approach to Molière, the vigor and good will cannot save the production from an aimless, scrambling, arbitrary and opaque quality. A few performers manage to do their work along a line of thought and coherence—Christine Pickels is particularly deserving of mention—but the general effect is of a superior college production.

Anyone at all familiar with the prevailing level of college productions in this country will understand how deadly this evaluation is. Earnestness, stamina and a loyalty to the classics may be the most one can expect from an amateur repertory company, but they are only the preliminary bases for a professional one. *(At the Phoenix)* RICHARD GILMAN

The Question

burned into that winter, sent
a fuse to thread the mind, to travel with;
and guttered out. Was quoted like elegant
cliché from Theban chorus, filed where myth
turns battles into phrases (young as the battle
a boy invented outwitting sea and war).
Look at the answer. Shaken, stare at the mettle,
the style of answer he lit the question for.

January 20, 1961:
November 22, 1963

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

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Cold-War Dangers Lurking in the Western Mind

The Politics of Hysteria: The Sources of 20th Century Conflict. By Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff. Harper and Row. $4.95.

by M. A. Fitzsimons

IN AN earlier work, *The New Politics* (1961), the authors of *The Politics of Hysteria* proclaimed "the End of the Post-War World." Their latest book is an ambitious development of the same point. For both major contestants the Cold War, originally a real enough contest, has degenerated into banalities. But hysterical politics maintain the struggle. In this volume, then, the Messrs. Stillman and Pfaff explore "the Sources of 20th-Century Conflict."

The conflict commanding their attention is in the sphere of international politics. As in our time the latter overshadows domestic concerns, the book's subject matter may be described as "the quality of contemporary political action" of an age in general crisis.

Largely, this universal crisis is the result of the West's impact on the rest of the world which the West has enmeshed in difficulties unfolding within its own civilization. The authors, therefore, profess an underlying concern less with the world, the ambit of their book, than with "the Western world, prodigious, yet uncertain, wounded, and amazed by the complexities of its unwitting creation."

It is thus characteristic of their minds and temperaments that they present this "anguished parochialism" as a reassuring reaction against the universalism of modern political prescriptions, as a move towards recovering a sense of the limits of the human condition in politics as well as other matters.

Today, the opposite of limits appears in the pervasiveness and primacy of politics. Economics and technology no longer impose restraints on politics and do not, as anciently, support the humanly necessary privacies. Technologies and ideologies pose irresistible Faustian temptations to Soviet and American man. Both, then, ignore the demonic, the cruelties, the ambiguities, and the defeats that have attended man in the past and the public experiences of our generation; the Soviet Communists in the name of their belief in redemption in history by catastrophe and the Americans in the name of the optimism of the Enlightenment.

The authors fear that we and all our contemporaries are not even able to profit from our experiences. The cause, the utter dislocation of our political beliefs from political realities, may compound itself irremediably and, so, provoke already menacing irrational and suicidal instincts. The book's theme enlarges the fearsome prospect by arguing that the West has in its history revealed a tendency to fanatical violence in behalf of ideas and ideology.

Secularization has made Western reformism materialistic and insatiable and the intellectualism of our culture enables us to think of our enemies abstractly and, therefore, without compassion. This unhappy eventuality coincides with two other developments: the whole world has been dislocated by this baneful Western inheritance; and the West and, in prospect, the whole world have acquired weapons of annihilation to serve their illusory objectives and latent suicidal promptings.

In several chapters the authors detail their views of the contemporary crisis from pre-World War I to the present. Unfortunately, these chapters, stimulating and enlightening as they are, are too brief for the achievement of the authors' high objective: to provide in the midst of

Recent and Notable

The Spirituality of the New Testament and the Fathers. By Louis Bouyer. Desclee. $9.50. This is the first volume in Father Bouyer's three-volume *History of Christian Spirituality.* If the succeeding volumes are as outstanding as this one, they are bound to become classics.

Philosophies of Judaism. By Julius Guttmann. Translated by David W. Silverman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50. The scope and thoroughness of this book make this an indispensable volume for anyone interested in Judaism or anyone interested in philosophy.

Peace on Earth. By Peter Riga. Herder & Herder. $4.95. Father Riga's book, a commentary on Pope John's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris,* should prove extremely valuable as a guide in plumbing the riches of that important encyclical.

Mary: A History of Doctrine and Devotion. By Hilda Graef. Sheed & Ward. $5.95. This is the first volume of a projected two-volume work on the history of doctrine and devotion to Mary. Miss Graef's approach is both timely and significant.

The Three Persons in One God. By Gerard S. Sloyan. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. This book is part of "The Foundations of Catholic Theology Series" edited by Father Sloyan. His own book, which is excellent, is typical of the series as a whole.

Evil and Suffering. By Louis Lavelle. Macmillan. $4.95. The works of the late Louis Lavelle deserve to be better known in America. The publication of this book should provide the occasion for many to become familiar with his rich and rewarding mind.

The Future of the Liturgy. By Adrien Nocent. Herder & Herder. $3.95. Dom Adrien's book is a welcome addition to the growing body of literature on the liturgy. It is especially noteworthy for its concreteness and wealth of detail.

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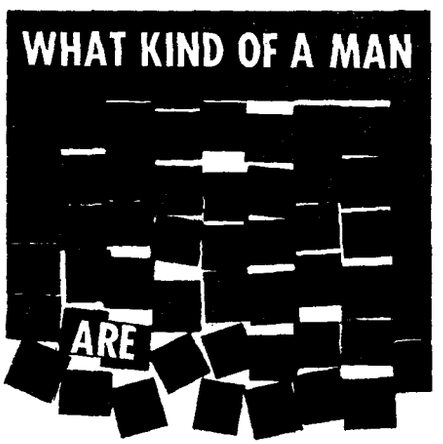
contemporary confusions and ambiguities the guidance that may permit some nation of the West to "see with a certain clarity and offer some clue as to how these ambiguous forces are to be contained." Allusive history may serve, as this book does, to awaken and trouble a reader. But it cannot achieve the persuasion and conviction that a more limited analysis could command.

This book with its moments of brilliance posed a severe challenge to the reviewer's sympathy and concern for justice. I heartily agree with much of it. Indeed, on page after page I found, in addition to ideas new to me, striking and fresh formulations of thoughts which also have long been familiar and prominent parts of my mind and teaching. In addition to the familiar, this book with its spare but moving eloquence affords illumination. But I have doubts about the desirability of devoting half the book to a highly debatable, though stimulating, and sometimes clearly inaccurate historical background.

Sometimes, the authors' wit causes trouble. To read that European cheers for Woodrow Wilson in 1919 "was Europe cheering its lost innocence" elicits admiration for the epigram. But the implicit contention of the authors is that the Europeans at any rate were reasonable enough to know that they did not have any innocence to lose. I find it difficult to know what the authors mean when they add to the statement that Germany, Italy, and Spain "have been central to Western man" the specification that they have been "instrumental in forming Western political and moral sensibility."

The description of the Crusades and the wars of Religion as near unlimited wars is fair enough but to explain the lack of limits by labeling these struggles as peoples' wars rather than the wars of professionals is bewildering. Indeed, on occasion, the authors appear to be using their impressively broad historical learning less to provide the perspective of background and more as a file from which to support parts of their case, for example, congenital Western aggressiveness as exemplified in the Dark Ages. In my judgment the account of Western violence and cruelty is excessively universalized and presented, somehow against the authors' profession of method, out of context.



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Grim and Funny

The Ragman's Daughter and Other Stories. By Alan Sillitoe. Knopf. $3.95.

by Brian Wilkie

ALAN SILLITOE's fifth book in six years (his earlier ones include *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*) is a collection of seven stories which are sometimes grim, often very funny, and always very readable. Their setting is industrial Nottingham, in the area that produced the archetypal foe of privilege and property, Robin Hood. At the end of one of the stories, "The Other John Peel," the theme of which is latter-day poaching, Mr. Sillitoe softly evokes the memory of that famous outlaw. And, although there are no Robin Hoods in *The Ragman's Daughter,* an atmosphere of ingenuous subversiveness hangs over the stories in the book like an all-but-invisible smoke-haze.

Not that there is much anger. The tone is something between objectivity and tolerant curiosity, a kind of deceptive blandness. Nor, except in the last story, "The Good Women," is there any overtly social or political theme. The protagonists, some of whom tell their own stories, include a youthful but inveterate burglar and his female accomplice, an arsonist, a chronic deserter from the Forces, and the aforementioned poacher; but, although one notices that their deviant behavior nearly always lacks a pragmatic motive and is therefore in some way symbolic action, the characters put no labels on themselves, are aware of no cause. On the other hand, the author always knows more about them than they know about themselves. A persistent though unobtrusive dramatic irony obtains, and whatever revelations come about are directed at the reader rather than at the characters.

Such reticence ought not to indict Mr. Sillitoe for coyness or condescension. For one thing, he apparently feels entirely unself-conscious about his strange but completely believable people, and therefore he feels no need to preach about them or even about the world that produces them; he is effortlessly objective in the way that people are toward members of their own family. But there is a more important reason, I suspect, for Mr. Sillitoe's avoidance of the ideological hard-sell, a reason that has to do with his conception of what politics ought to be. (I stress that I am drawing inferences from the stories, not at all from biographical information or even from other books by the author.)

The present stories imply that political health does not consist in a

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filtered-upward distillate of personal values in the form of good laws, good government, just institutions; politics, rather, *is* human relations. No new *order*, no new agency of justice is needed; the proper task of institutions, one infers, is to efface themselves, to refrain from destroying lives and twisting the psyches of individual people.

The irony of most of these stories is that the protagonists are seldom aware that anything other than the pressures of the neighborhood is twisting them—the copper on the street or the gaffer who drives through the factory gate in his limousine. Nor, if one accepts the view of politics I think the stories imply, is such social innocence necessarily misguided; the gaffer is a concrete reality and therefore vulnerable, whereas the abstraction sometimes called Society has the invulnerability that comes from not existing.

Because Mr. Sillitoe is concerned with individual lives, it is not surprising that all the stories in *The Ragman's Daughter* are in important ways psychological studies. Nearly all of them deal with violence as an outlet (salutary or not) for repressed energies, aspirations, or desires; this theme is clearest in "The Magic Box," the only story in the book that is not even indirectly about politics. I suspect the stories may have, as a by-product of their esthetic merit, the kind of usefulness for professional psychologists that *The Catcher in the Rye* has had.

I liked this volume very much, and perhaps it is too much to define so explicitly political themes that Mr. Sillitoe only hints at in the first six stories and that are less than fully explicit even in the concluding "The Good Women." In my enthusiasm I perhaps run the risk of falsifying Mr. Sillitoe's ideas or exaggerating their importance in the stories. If so, let me end by saying that all of them are good tales sometimes highly suspenseful—plotting is the author's strongest point—and written in a style whose slightly gnarled and halting rhythm is almost always a successful vehicle for the narrative.

America and the Global Funhouse

With Many Voices. By Benjamin Appel. William Morrow and Company. $5.95.

by John P. Sisk

THERE IS some advantage in comparing this book, an account of a recent tour of Europe and the Soviet Union, with Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*, which was published almost a hundred years ago. Appel's relative sophistication emphasizes Twain's dangerous innocence, which in its twentieth-century form is one of Mr. Appel's subjects.

The changed point of view itself suggests the passage from innocence to experience. Twain quite naturally assumed that for an American audience the only interesting thing about Europe was what an American had to say about it. The result was a book that informed its readers less than it comforted them. Mr. Appel and his publisher, on the other hand, can assume an audience (large, I hope) not only curious to learn what Europeans think about America but convinced that the knowledge however painful is important.

Mr. Appel begins his tour in the affluence of West Germany and then moves through Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Soviet Union, France and Great Britain to the poverty of southern Italy. Since he is a novelist he is primarily interested in people, not the Adenauers, Khrushchevs and de Gaulles, but that "raw material, so to speak, out of which all history is made: the little people." Everywhere he engages these little people in conversation: What do they think about America? What images come to mind when they hear the word?

The answers are predictable enough to anyone who has been abroad during or since the war. America is chewing gum, tight blue jeans, the Klan, movie stars, skyscrapers, Senator McCarthy, cowboys, long sleek autos, Coca Cola; it is characterized by meanness and generosity, materialism and idealism; it is big, fast, brash and naive, badly in need of Old World diplomacy and sanity.

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The interviewees, in fact, say pretty much what Americans say about America, except that they say it in a different context and with more excuse for being, as they often are, ludicrously wide of the mark. The significant thing is perhaps less the variety of the answers than the readiness with which they are given: it is apparently impossible to have a theory about the human predicament without having a theory about America.

This means that ultimately the book is as much about the fears these people have in common as it is about America. Unable to forget the war, they fear the Germans; caught between two giants, they fear the bomb; sensing in industrialization the possibility of plenty, they fear poverty.

From none of these fears can America be dissociated. A risen West Germany suggests American power and wealth that made the resurrection possible but which may have failed to eradicate the old evil; the bomb suggests America's technological power untempered by a sense of history and human limitation; the very recovery of Europe involves the fear that U.S. influence will mean a loss of national and cultural values.

Still there are moments of human solidarity in the book, moments when hope overcomes fear. There is, for instance, an afternoon in a south Georgian grape arbor when the author, a party secretary and a model farmer get slightly tipsy on the tart red Georgian wine and dream together of a great good time for all peoples when Americans and Russians will share a common language and the children will not know the past. "May the children live!" cries the farmer. Appel rises to deliver an impromptu speech opposing all atomic tests after which the secretary embraces him and kisses him on both cheeks.

As a piece of writing the episode in the grape arbor is excellent, but it points to the chief weakness in this very readable book: the fact that it is constructed between the poles of nightmare and Utopia. "A consumers' world or a consumed world?", the author asks as he remembers flying over Hiroshima a few months after the bomb had been dropped. He concedes that a totally disarmed consumers' world might be a global funhouse, and he knows that in the view of practical men total disarmament is Utopia. However, the practical men with their know-how have presented us with no other choice: "It's Utopia or else. . . ."

But the imagination that we need now must surely be able to contemplate Lidice, Auschwitz and Hiroshima without yielding to despair or utopian dreams, which in the end can only feed despair. If, horrified by Hiroshima, we can only imagine Utopia are we not still the innocents abroad?

The Novel Today

The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel. By Arthur Mizener. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

by George Greene

MR. MIZENER merits respect as well as attention, for he brings back a report from one of the most dimly illuminated and controversial borders. He seeks a better balance between judgments of the novel as a projection of the manners and morals of the times and those currently more fashionable approaches which stress method or—especially in studies of the American novel—a link with romance.

One is surprised, even perplexed, to discover that an early chapter addresses itself to Anthony Trollope. But soon the logic becomes clear. When Mr. Mizener envisages vehicles for showing the significance of human acts, ". . . the best means the novelist has for embodying that meaning and giving it life is the realistic novel's conventionalized representation of nature." Conscious of, and utilizing, advances made by "the contemporary critic's intense, post-Jamesian concern for the techniques of the novel," Mr. Mizener, in sum, wishes to engage us on a wider front.

His attention is focused primarily on American novelists of the twentieth century. One has to function in a classroom to adequately admire the pace, moderate, never muddled, at which he presents a novel or group of stories. One expects as a matter of course the accomplished analysis of

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The Last Tycoon, though Mr. Mizener seems less comfortable in the presence of Hemingway and Faulkner. In "The Dilemma of the American Novelist," he underlines the discord between two traditions, the aesthetic preoccupation of Conrad and James, and the social bias of Wells and Dreiser.

Nor is Mr. Mizener afraid of venturing into no-man's land. He risks ostracism by giving space to John Dos Passos, "a man who found himself confronted by two irreconcilable senses of life, the personal and the public, and resolved his difficulty by an act of the will. . . ." Mr. Mizener offers a rare critique of *U.S.A.*, where two-dimensional figures like Charlie Anderson and Dick Savage counter the unqualified solitude of the "Camera Eye." "The 'Camera Eye' passages are Dos Passos' Mallarmé," Mr. Mizener tells us, "as the narrative is his Lenin."

In chapters on J. D. Salinger and John Updike, to my mind his finest, Mr. Mizener shows how each has attempted to bridge the gap. He demonstrates the idealism, loquacious, compulsive, which links Salinger with earlier names. ". . . he is more nearly in the direct line of American literature of the nineteenth century than were the writers of the twenties, closer in attitude, that is, to writers like Thoreau, less obsessed than a great many writers of the twenties with direct dramatic presentation and the image, more willing to narrate and comment. . . ."

Mr. Mizener establishes a strong case for the characters of Salinger as believable participants in our society —no small success in view of the growing temptation to think of the Glass family, in one of Buddy's phrases, as mere "verbal stunt pilots."

This volume contains what is probably the best essay written thus far on another artist much absorbed by memory and desire, John Updike. Mr. Mizener points out conflicting impulses, Updike's humanistic urge to give maximum breadth to his utterance, while at the same time memorializing the Pennsylvania town he calls Olinger. While admiring the sense of felt life, Mizener takes the young man to task for over-reliance on portentous symbolic implications and mythological analogies. "One might well argue that all this machinery is the excess of a writer too clever for his own good who has lived too long near some awe-inspiring research library."

What Mr. Mizener wishes to defend is clear enough, and it is the surest proof of his skill that his ideas in turn provoke further conjecture. He knows far too much to accept the fallacy that "fiction is a theory to advantage dressed." While talking about Updike, he admits, "This apparent discontinuity of substance and style is one of the clearest marks of the American temper." Much as one applauds the defense of the neglected Trollope, as well as the brilliant advocacy of Anthony Powell and James Gould Cozzens, programs for the novel—even when so judiciously modest as the one with which Mr. Mizener confronts us—have a tendency to simplify, or even omit, questions which are life-giving, no matter how time-consuming.

At this point in history it is natural that literary scholars, like their brothers in other disciplines, should plead for a more genuinely shared world. One can sympathize with the call to abandon isolation, what Wells had in mind when he spoke of the "over-sensitized receptivity" of Conrad. Yet the sequestered consciousness may contain fully as keen a grasp of, and concern for, communal values as the loudest pledge on behalf of some social set.

This is a truth, indeed, of which Mr. Mizener is well aware. I only mention it lest we push his insights beyond his intent, for, as his "Foreword" candidly warns, this volume is not meant to be "an inclusive analysis of the novel as a literary form. . . ." "Liberty of the imagination should be the most precious possession of a novelist."

If we share Conrad's faith, we must be prepared to sift among, and prize according to their varying excellences, those who find solutions in the musings of Mallarmé as well as the militancy of Marx. I find it significant that when Fitzgerald was writing *The Great Gatsby*, one book which surely traverses with success the space between individual sensibility and larger meanings, the earlier colleague whose work most occupied his mind at that point was the man who had written *Lord Jim*.

REVIEWERS

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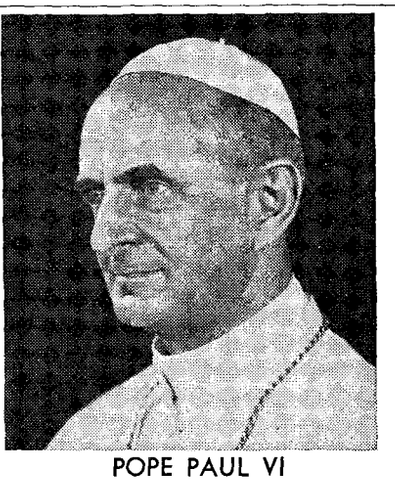

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